

# The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1873.

Vol. I. No. 47.

The Bloomfield Record.

Local Newspaper.

Only \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

OFFICE, GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR M. & E. DEPOT.

Independent, Non Partisan, Incorruptible.

Devoted to  
LOCAL AFFAIRS.  
GENERAL NEWS.  
CHOICE LITERATURE.  
HOME CULTURE AND IMPROVEMENT.

"The Record"  
is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed  
in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of  
THE PEOPLE.

Legitimate Advertisements

Inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail  
themselves of its columns will find it a first-class me-  
dium, circulating as it does in the best families of  
Bloomfield, Montclair, and vicinity.

"THE RECORD"

Job Printing Office

Is furnished with the

Newest and Latest Styles of Type,

MATERIAL AND PRESSES.

We are prepared to do promptly and in the Neatest

Manner ALL KINDS OF PRINTING. Such as

BILL HEADS,  
BUSINESS CARDS,  
CIRCULARS,  
PROGRAMMES,  
HAND BILLS,  
POSTERS,  
PAMPHLETS,  
AC., AC., AC.

Patronize the Home Office.

Banks and Insurance.

People's Savings Institution,  
445 BROAD STREET,  
NEWARK OCTOBER 18th 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers held this day,  
a dividend at the rate of

7 Per Cent. Per Annum

was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st  
of November, payable on or after November 18th, and  
if not drawn, to be counted as principal from Novem-  
ber 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st will draw  
interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President.

ALEX. GRANT, Treasurer.

INSURE IN THE  
HUMBOLDT  
(MUTUAL)  
INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS OVER \$200,000.

OFFICE 153 BROAD STREET,  
(Essex County National Bank Building.)

NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage by  
fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise,  
at favorable rates, either on the MUTUAL or NON-PARTICI-  
PATING PLANS.

OFFICERS:

ELMER F. HUGHES, Sec'y. GEORGE BROWN, Pres't.

JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas. E. W. McCLEAVE, Vice Pres't.

Newark Savings Institution.

800, 804, 804 Broad St., Cor. Mechanic St.,  
NEWARK, N. J.

DEPOSITS made on or before Oct. 1st draw interest  
from that date.

DANIEL DODD, Pres't.

WM. D. CARTER, Treas.

ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL  
INSURANCE COMPANY.  
CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty street, a few doors east of Broad,  
BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Barns,  
Stores and other country property, on terms more fa-  
vorable than any other Company. It has no city risks,  
and is therefore liable to no great disaster like the Chi-  
cago fire.

T. C. DODD, Sec'y. Z. B. DODD, President.

Bloomfield Savings Institution,  
LIBERTY STREET, NEAR BROAD.

ON the 29th of Jan'y next this Institution will pay  
interest at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. per an-  
num on all sums which shall have remained on deposit  
for three months next preceding the

First Day of January Next,

which interest, if not withdrawn, will itself bear in-  
terest from said first day of July. And all sums de-  
posited on or before the first day of July next, will bear  
interest from that date.

T. C. DODD, Treas.

Professional and Business Cards.

DR. C. S. STOCKTON,

DENTIST.

(Successor to Dr. Colburn)  
No 15 Cedar street,  
Newark, N. J.

J. S. PITT, M. D.

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presby-  
terian Church.  
Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

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RESIDENCE:

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Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M.

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SURVEYOR:

OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office at his residence on Bloomfield Avenue,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,  
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.

BLOOMFIELD AVE.,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

P. HURLBURT,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.,  
Opposite the Railroad Depot.

STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all  
kinds Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT

DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.

Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,

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SIGN-WRITING,  
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,  
GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.

Corner Linden Avenue and Thomas Street,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

All orders promptly executed.

R. LEWIS,

Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, ex-  
ecutes Repairs of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and  
Fancy Articles with neatness and dispatch.

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

SAMUEL CARL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Keeps constantly on hand  
CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE

CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,  
BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

JAMES BERRY,

WASHINGTON AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also Gen-  
eral TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JAMES ALBINSON,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

MYRTLE STREET,  
Near Watessing Depot, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOHN JEGGER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Jan. 23-ly

SMITH E. PERRY

REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER,

BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,  
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

THEODORE CADMUS,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.  
Residence, Thomas street. Shop, State street, near  
Liberty.

BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

R. D. BROWER,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY.

WATESSING DEPOT,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Business and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

Miscellany.

GOD'S CARES.

I sat in the door at eventide,  
My heart was full of fears;  
And I saw the landscape before me lie  
Through mists of burning tears;  
I thought to myself the world is dark,  
No light nor joy I see;  
Nothing but toil and want is mine,  
And no one cares for me.

A sparrow was twittering at my feet,  
With its beautiful azure head;  
And it looked at me with dark, mild eyes,  
As it picked up crumbs of bread;  
And said to me in words as plain  
As the words of a bird could be:  
"I'm only a sparrow, a worthless bird,  
But the dear Lord cares for me."

A lily was growing beside the hedge,  
Beautiful, tall and white,  
And it shone through the glossy leaves of green  
Like an angel clothed in light;  
And it said to me as it waved its head,  
On the breezes soft and free:  
"I'm only a lily, a useless flower,  
But the Master cares for me."

Then it seemed that the hand of the loving Lord  
Over my head was laid,  
And he said to me: "Oh, faithless child,  
Wherefore art thou dismayed?  
I do the lilies, I feed the birds,  
I see the sparrows fall,  
Nothing escapes my watchful eye,  
My kindness is over all."  
—Wood's Magazine.

PROCRUSTINATION.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps, in its petty pace, from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all the yesterday's have lighted fools  
The way to death.

Waste no vain words on the consumed time,  
But take the instant by the forward top;  
For on man's best resolved, best urged decrees,  
The inaudible and viewless foot of time  
Steals, ere he can effect.  
—Shakespeare.

VARIETIES.

A wealthy Californian recently married  
his washerwoman.

Two Indiana men, seven feet tall, have  
gone to their long home.

At a concert given at San Jose, Cal., the  
pianist caught a bouquet, that was thrown  
to him, on the fly.

The ordinary notice in a Western paper  
contained the touching intelligence that the  
deceased "had accumulated a little money  
and ten children."

"What makes you feel uncomfortable  
when you have done wrong?" asked a teacher  
who was lecturing his pupils on conscience.  
"My father's leather strap," answered a boy.  
"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-  
wise," said a gentleman. "No," said one  
of his guests. "Cut it birdwise, for then I  
may have a chance to get a bit in my mouth."

A photographer in Gloucester has been  
astonished by a young woman who came to  
ask, meekly and innocently, "How long does  
it take to get a photograph after you leave  
your measure?"

The same mule that killed a man at  
Lexington, Ind., was permitted to haul  
the widow to the funeral. Is a man thus to be  
persecuted after death? Where is the God-  
dess of Liberty all this time?

After the congregation of the church in  
Portland had waited half an hour, last Sun-  
day, for the minister, a gentleman got up and  
said: "Let us not sit here any longer like a  
parcel of fools." And then they left.

A pious old lady being asked by her  
pastor what she thought of the doctrine of  
total depravity, replied she thought it a  
most excellent doctrine, and had no doubt  
it had been the means of saving many  
souls.

Upon the "outer wall" of a neighboring  
female college the other morning was discov-  
ered conspicuously displayed, the sign,  
"Domestic Sewing Machines." Some of  
those specimens of total depravity known as  
college students did it.

An engineer on the Western North Car-  
olina Railroad, shouted to a crowd of rustics,  
who had gathered to see the first train of  
cars come in, "Put down your umbrellas!  
You'll scare the engine off the track!" The  
umbrellas were lowered at once.

Irascible old party.—"Conductor, why  
didn't you wake me as I asked you to? Here  
I am miles beyond my station." Conductor.  
"I did try, sir, but all I could get out of you  
was 'all right, Maria; get the children  
their breakfast, and I'll be down in a min-  
ute.'"

A young lady in Lancaster has the initials,  
Y. M. C. A., engraved on one corner of her  
visiting cards, which she hands to certain  
gentlemen visitors. At first they suppose  
she belongs to the Young Men's Christian  
Association, but it is not long before they  
rightly construe the letters to mean "You  
May Come Again."

An enraged traveller writing home from  
the far West says: "Descending to the bar-  
room, I took my turn at a tin wash basin  
with a cake of yellow soap, and dried myself  
on a musty towel hung on a broom. A boot-  
jack and a lean dog lay in the middle of the  
floor, the chairs long ago ceased to be quad-  
rants, discomfort is king, and dirt is prime  
minister."

A schoolboy being requested to write a  
composition on the subject of "pins," pro-  
duced the following: "Pins are very useful.  
They have saved the lives of a great many  
men, women and children—in fact, whole  
families." "How so?" replied the puzzled  
teacher; and the boy asked, "Why, by not  
swallowing them." This matches the story of  
the other boy who defined salt as "the  
stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when  
you don't put any on."

"Forty-two cents!" echoed a woman  
yesterday, when her grocer charged her that  
sum for a pound of butter. "Yes 'um," he  
replied, with a bland smile. "You see the  
grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and  
we can't turn out our collateral at a sacrifice.  
If the Government calls in the bonds due in  
1874, and the imports of bullion tend to ease  
the money market a little, butter must find  
its level with everything else. Butter is very  
panicky just now, but I think the worst is  
over." She paid the money without further  
complaint.

CHERRY.

When I say that I lived in a windmill I  
mean in what had once been a windmill.  
But its rotary powers had got crank, its sails  
were no longer patchable, even in a beggar-  
ly way, the rats had gnawed the service out  
of its bolting-cloth, and all its functions had  
quite succeeded in favor of the steam-mill  
further down the river, long before I saw it.  
When I did see it, it was little else than a  
clapboard ruin; but the independent attitude  
with which it lifted its burly figure, like a  
stout athlete squared for fight, suited my  
whim, and I rented it at once. The roof was  
all bemossed, but did not leak, and with-  
out much expense I fitted up a bedroom, a  
study (in which I took my meals), and had  
under the roof an ample chamber in which  
to adjust my telescope. Old black Nanny,  
who lived in a cleanly cabin close by, was  
my cook, my housemaid, and also my washer-  
woman. My books were numerous and  
select; the dear, delightful river was just at  
hand, and when I was lonesome or needed  
recreation there was Cherry only across the  
stream.

Perhaps Cherry had quite as much to do  
with my lease of the old windmill as astro-  
nomy. For though I was the same book-  
worm then as now, my heart was considera-  
bly younger, and my head was not gray. I  
had just left college, and was so little used  
to beautiful women, or indeed to women of  
any sort, that when I met Cherry I fell so  
under the charm of her frank, innocent lov-  
eliness that it seemed I could never be done  
seeing her. So I rented the windmill. I  
could prosecute my studies there to great  
advantage, and then—O Cherry!

She dwelt in a little low-roofed cottage—  
so close, indeed, that if there had not been  
so many trees and vines and honeysuckles  
and roses about it I could have looked into  
the windows of her dainty room. The mill  
stood over against a point—"Windmill  
Point" 'twas called—on a little round knob  
of land, the only thing approaching to a  
hill in that region. As its base was a scrap  
of road, no longer used, but white with splin-  
tered oyster-shells and pebbles; beyond this  
a skirt of wiry grass, intergrown with wild  
asparagus and tangled with seaweed, mark-  
ing the limits of the tide; then the river's  
margin, sand and pebbles intermingled, white  
and clean; next the river, a limpid, clear,  
lake-like green width of fifty yards, which I  
could overcome with a dozen strokes of the  
paddle when I had unloosed my little canoe  
from the platform, made of two planks,  
which I called my wharf. Once across, I  
used to tie my boat to the trunk of one of  
two graceful green willows that stood there,  
dipping their long tresses in the water like  
mermaids bathing; and then it was but a  
step up the bank—a sloping wave of the  
greenest sward—across the lawn and up to  
the cottage porch. I am quite sure grass  
never grew so green as it grew on that little  
lawn; nor could honeysuckles have been  
sweeter, nor roses more perfect than Char-  
ry's, always were. I used to tell her it was  
her smiles made these things so sweet and  
perfect; and when I told her she used to  
smile again!

The cottage was not much to speak of—  
that is to say, would not have been much  
without Cherry. It was ill contrived, old,  
leaky, and weather-stained, with small, mean  
windows and uneven, rickety floors. There  
was nevertheless an appearance of quaint  
beauty about it such as I never saw in any  
other house, besides an air of that homely  
comfort which money cannot purchase nor  
architect design. I never crossed the lawn,  
shady with various trees that grew how they  
would, nor stepped upon the low-roofed  
porch, hedged in and twined about with  
vines and flowers in all the careless grace of  
nature, but I was reminded how aptly all  
the scene fitted itself to Cherry, and chimed  
with artless freedom and frank innocence of  
look.

One end of the porch was latticed, and on  
the frame a prairie-rose and a microphylla  
climbed in emulous rivalry which should  
first rest its topmost blossoms on the sill of  
Cherry's window, to sparkle back decoy re-  
sponses to her morning salutations. All  
summer long, two great, high-backed, hick-  
ory armchairs stood on this porch, like sen-  
tinel, on either side of the hall-door, and in  
them, unless the weather prevented, the old  
people used to sit, Cherry's grandparents;  
for she was an orphan, and they were her  
only guardians. Two old, old people, so old  
you would not have had to stretch your fancy  
much to imagine that they came over in the  
first ship; and here, the live-long day, they  
used to sit, dozing, nodding, or cackling out  
to one another, or the person who was by,  
some little trifles left them by memory out  
of the forgotten past—a thin, withered joke  
or a scrap of home-made wisdom, as solid  
as frost-bitten as a grindstone apple.  
The old man smoked his pipe now and then,  
when Cherry would fill and light it for him;  
and the old lady knitted white yarn stock-  
ings, careless about the stitches she dropped  
in her dreams, for she knew that Cherry would  
take them up for her. Cherry, smiling, busy  
Cherry, was their good providence; and they  
sat there securely under her protection, very  
certain she would never fail them. A nice,  
old-fashioned, quiet, cleanly couple as you  
ever saw, with manners brought over from  
the last century, and garments to suit. There

never was whiter cambric than that of the  
old lady's inside handkerchief, nor ever  
shoes that could shine in rivalry to the old  
gentleman's—which, indeed, must have been  
fashioned upon the same last with the shoes  
of the Rev. Mr. Primrose, of Wakefield.

It was a very pretty sight, indeed, of an  
evening after tea, to see Cherry sit down in  
the low doorway between her grandparents,  
like a rose *Pomme d'Api* betwixt two shriv-  
elled, frosted pippins. She was the beau  
ideal of serene and happy maidenhood. One  
would have thought that, leading such a  
quiet life in the company of two decayed old  
people, she must have caught their silent,  
old-fashioned manners. But Cherry escap-  
ed these influences by the very innocence of  
her nature and the innate deep joyousness  
of her heart. Besides, she had much to do,  
and lively companionship in it. There was  
her housekeeping and superintendence of  
the blowzy but big-hearted maid of all work.  
There was her poultry—her foolish geese  
with their spraddling goslings; her chickens,  
her young ducks, her simple, confiding little  
turkeys, that would follow her about all day,  
lifting their bills and crying peep! peep!  
and hovering under her petticoat, and clam-  
bering upon her lap whenever they had a  
chance. There were her flowers and her  
kitchen-garden. Cherry was a true country  
girl; she knew every tree and shrub and all  
the wild flowers, and could tell you some-  
thing about all the various inhabitants of the  
river—the crabs and the king-crabs, the  
oysters on the bar, the terrapins, the fish,  
the sticklebacks, and toad-fish, and shrimp;  
and also when it was time to catch them, and  
where were the good fishing stakes, what  
was proper bait, and what state of tide and  
weather was most favorable for their enjoy-  
ment. From infancy she had sat beneath  
the willows and rambled along the shore un-  
til she had come to feel a sisterly interest in  
each object, even to the toothsome manna-  
ways that squirted water up through the  
sand what time the tides were out, and the  
round milky-white pebbles that clustered on  
the shore like eggs in a basket.

Cherry did not observe exactly a city toi-  
let, yet there was always something indescri-  
bly fresh, and pure, and womanly in her  
dress. I need not tell you she was pretty.  
She had not a figure to please the conceiters  
of heroines, being rather short and plump;  
but her healthy, springy gait, her peach-  
blossom cheek, her breezy hair, her soft  
brown eyes full of goodness and sparkling  
with life, and her sweet, sweet mouth, in the  
dimples of which laughter lingered like a  
rippling eddy by a brook—these were bet-  
ter far than heroic traits. Her even, lus-  
trous teeth, gleaming out so often between  
the smile-parted lips, and her wide, inno-  
cent, importunate eyes, made her seem more  
childlike than she really was. For Cherry  
was quite a grown woman, and, though to  
appearance simply a pretty, fond, domestic  
maiden, there was in her a lofty ideal, some-  
thing that more than made up for the ab-  
sence of artificial graces. She was a woman  
of perfect love and of perfect faith, and the  
grandest martyrs were no more than this.  
She had precisely that "heavenly beauty of  
soul" which awes us in Cordelia, and, more-  
over, under the commonplace veil of her  
round of daily duties kindly done, and the  
shy reserve of a retired country girl, she  
concealed an imagination warm and vivid,  
and that sacred fire of enthusiasm whose  
steady flame will only blaze upon the high  
altar of self-abnegation.

Does any one wonder that my canoe was  
often tied up at the willow trees, or that I  
tired of star-gazing, lorn bachelor that I was,  
and found home, with Cherry to make it at-  
tractive, much more to my taste?

Lincoln and the Contraband.

President Lincoln once got into conversa-  
tion with a negro on board a steamboat, and  
finding he had served in a regiment that  
suffered severely at the battle of Fort Don-  
nelson, asked if he was in that fight. The  
darky owned he had a little taste of it,  
and then the following colloquy ensued:  
"Stood your ground did you?" "No, sa; I  
runs!" "Run at the first fire?" "Yes, sa,  
and would ha' run sonna had I knowed it  
comin'." "If our soldiers were all like you,  
traitors might have broken up the Govern-  
ment without resistance." "Yes, sa; dar  
would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't  
put my life in de scale' gainst any govern-  
ment dat ever existed, for no government  
could make up de loss." "Do you think  
your company would have missed you  
if you had been killed?" Maybe not, sa; a  
dead white man ain't much to dese  
sogers, let alone a dead nigger; but I'd ha'  
missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me!"  
Mr. Planche's Irish coachman took much  
the same view of things. When a traveller,  
seeing him fold an extraordinary comforter  
round his neck, remarked that he took very  
good care of himself, Pat replied, "To be  
sure I do, sir; what's all the world to a man  
when his wife's a widdy?"

John A. Dix, Governor of New York,  
Thurloew Weed, one of the oldest editors in  
the United States, and Daniel Drew, the  
millionaire, are all pensioners on the Gov-  
ernment, having been soldiers in 1812. Weed  
played a fife, Dix carried the flag, and Drew  
carried a musket.

California Wood-Choppers.

It is in the logging camps that a stranger  
will be most interested on this coast; for  
there he will see and feel the bigness of red-  
woods. A man in Humboldt county got  
out of one tree lumber enough to make his  
house and barn, and to fence in two acres of  
ground. A schooner was filled with shingles  
made from a single tree. One tree in  
Mendocino, whose remains were shown to  
me, made a mile of railroad ties. Three  
fourteen feet in diameter have been frequent-  
ly found and cut down; the saw-logs are of-  
ten split apart with wedges, because the en-  
tire mass is too large to float in the narrow  
and shallow streams, and I have even seen  
them blow a log apart with gunpowder. A  
tree four feet in diameter is called undersized  
in these woods; and so skillful are the  
wood-choppers that they can make the largest  
giant of the forest fall just where they  
want it, or, as they say, they "drive a stake  
with the tree." The choppers do not stand  
on the ground, but on stags raised to such  
a height as to enable the ax to strike in where  
the tree attains its fair and regular thick-  
ness; for the redwood, like the sequoia,  
swells at the base, near the ground. The  
trees prefer steep hill-sides, and grow in an  
extremely rough and broken country, and  
their great height makes it necessary to fell  
them carefully, lest they should, falling with  
such an enormous weight, break to pieces.  
This constantly happens in spite of every  
precaution, and there is little doubt that in  
these forests and at the mills two feet of wood  
are wasted for every foot of lumber sent to  
market. To mark the direction line on  
which the tree is to fall, the chopper usually  
drives a stake into the ground 100 or 150  
feet from the base of the tree, and it is ac-  
tually common to make the tree fall upon  
this stake, so straight do these redwoods  
stand, and so accurate is the skill of the cut-  
ters. To fell a tree eight feet in diameter is  
counted a day's work for a man. —Harper's  
Magazine.

How to Catch Moles.

We presume there are few of our readers  
who at some period have not heartily  
anthematized the moles. Although these  
little animals do a considerable amount of  
good in killing insects and worms which  
would destroy grain, they more than coun-  
terbalance the benefits they confer upon the  
farmer by the injuries they inflict upon the  
work of the gardener. They appear to have  
a taste for the choicest bulbs and for the  
roots of the rarest flowers, while their tracks  
very speedily ruin the appearance of smooth  
and neatly kept lawns.

The Patent Office records show that plenty  
of inventive genius has been expended in  
attempts to devise an efficient mole trap. Of  
these inventions we have tried quite a num-  
ber in our efforts to rid our garden of the  
nuisance, but we have found none so satis-  
factory as this very simple plan. As soon as  
a fresh mole run is found, indicated of  
course by a ridge on the surface of the  
ground, a hole should be dug and a large sized  
ordinary flower pot set therein. Over the  
top of this receptacle a piece of board is  
placed, leaving a space of about three inches  
between it and the edge of the pot, so that  
dirt from above will not fall into the latter.  
The earth is replaced and the surface of the  
ground restored. The mole, in following